Hampton, Va.

HAMPTON, PHOEBUS AND OLD POINT-Continued.

An Introductory Episode

Mr. Adams was a short, stout, pom-Mr. Admins was a short, or point little gentleman. Had he worn mutton-ch.p. whiskers, he would have been a perfect spectimen of his type; being clean-shaven, he convey-

type: being clean-shaven, he convey-ed an impression of incompleteness. With his legs wide apart, and his hands tucked under his contails, he steed in front of the brass-decked fire. and preached propriety to his

pare, and parents of doughter.

The propriety one observes at Tooling may with equal advantage he observed at Deal. Etiquette is al-

ways ere-tiquette."
"Yes; but everybody makes friends quicker at the senside." pleaded his

Partion me! I haven't spoken to rarion me! I haven't spoken to a soldary individual during my soldarn here—except, of course to the land by and on that occasion the bacon was undoubtedly larnt."

"You're different," blarted out the gift.

girl.

"Precisely! I am different. Other people have, perhaps, noticed it."

"Well,they have," snapp d his daughter. "They say—"

"Spare me!" Mr. Adamson upilitied a plump, but me lest hand, "My example may have a far-raceling effect.

My daughter, obviously, should be the first to copy it. Of course," he went on, with pursed lips, "be pleasant and genial."

Well, that's what I was doing.

"Well, that's what I was doing," said the girl accrievedly, "when you came up and made such a fuss."

Her father cleared his threat and wangled his head irritably.

"I trus: I am pleasant and genual he mentioned; "nobody had ever ventured to tell her to the contrary. But I don't carry it to the extent of sitting on the beach with a young man, and letting him held my hand."

"Why, of course rot!" she gurgled.

"Or holding a young woman's hand."
he added quickly, with a frown, which

"Or holding a young woman's hand," he added quickly, with a frown, which quenched his daughter's mirth, "You'd look silly either way," she suggested enniddly.
"That, of course, is a matter of opinion," declared in reather, somewhat annoyed.

Most people prefer abstinence to be credited to self-control rather than to lack of opportunity.

"However"—he bent his knees un-casily, and strutchened bimself again.
—I desire you to put an end to your acquaintance with shat young"—he controlled himself—" man. In the

controlled himself—" man. In the future, you will not speak to anybody to whom I have not introduced you. That is my desire. Ahem!"
"But you never get to know any young men," said the girl mournfully.
"No; and for a good reason. The modern young man is not worth knowing." He strode majestically towards the door. "Remember!" he said. An historic word, which, as he uttered it, gained, if anything, in selemnity.

selemnity.
"Yes," wailed Miss Adamson, as the door closel; "but what about me?

That evening the girl patrolled the promenade alone. There was an air of hauteur about her which turned the embryonic smile on the faces of into an expression of contempt. A man scorned is a critic made.

It would be pleasant to reflect that this coldness was the result of the paternal lecture. Truth however, complet the admission that she was keep-

is the minission that she was keep ing an appointment with Mr. Nichol-son, a young man of a jealous dis-

son, a young man of a periods disposition.

She passed the hardstand with a
caution due to her father's oft and
loudly expressed love for music. As
she approached the pier, Mr. Nicholson passe; out of the turnstile, with a
loos of gloom on his usually cheery
countenance, which caused her to
glance hastily at the cleck.

"I can't speak to you," she said
mountfully, as he greeted her.

Mr. Nicholson paused in consternation, his hat suspended in midalr.

"Why? Got the toothache."

Somewhat indignantly, the girl explatted the real position of affairs.

"I am not to steak to **Jou," she
"town," s

"Of couse, he mightn't have been so anneyed if you'd explained that in looks you took after your prother, He aye, too, you trod on his toes reven tiones. Dil you?"

"No!" Le cried indirnan.'v. 'Not many as that's

"But why did you tread on his toe.

Will, you see, that's the idea. You triad on a man's took, and teen, of coer-c, you apologize, and thea drift naturally into remarks about Amer

can mosts and professing, or of the research walking rations. Any subject that comes apt.

"Port," objected the daughter, "papa says you began taking to him about the way Billingsgate porters are used

the way Hillingsgate porers are to taking."
"Er yes!" admitted Mr. Nicholson, stroking his chin. You see, he carried on a good deal, and his language suggested that subject. He's not a very triendly man, is he—not effusively so I mean? I hought him a programme, and he was only espanyous. and he was quite snappy

Was that before "Let me see, after he threatened to call a police-

"Just before." His tone conveyed a pression of a feeling of injury. "I suggestion of a feeling of injury. "I went away just after. If I'd been able to render him some little service, now,

to render him some little service, now, it would have been different."
"Yes, assented Miss Adamson, pluciting her apper lip thoughtfully. He is educate a coach-ride this afternoon, Perhaps, if you went, you might have better back than you did last cited." night.

Late that afternoon, Miss Adamson, bidden from view by the ticket-office, stood at the end of the pier, and watched the coach disgorge its pas-She saw her father clamber down, and set off, with a gloomy countenance, in the direction of their lodging. Finally, Mr. Nicholson alighted and ME we have maid a "i will gist show you," i sed, "Mister Brown"

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Stubble and ME w

er joyable onting.

she cried eager;y. "Well?" she cried eagersy.
"Ab-h!" snarled Mr. Nicholson. He seemed almost bad-tempered. It was Robinson's circus is coming our way-quite evident that their little plot had we will B redy? go any Day!

But what had happened? When the found he hidn't his purse, what did he do?"

"Gave me in charge!" grunted the young man. "At least, if he didn't exactly do that, I had to let myself be searched! Said I'd been following him about for days; anybody could see I was a pickpocket by the shifty look in my eyes."

Miss Adamson stamped with exas-

peration "And the trouble I had to get hold of his purse without his knowing it! Who lent him the money in the

"Noboly. He had a five in his

Early the following morning, anyone going in the direction of Waimer
would have become spectator of a
curious little scene. A short, stout
little gentleman, purple with anger,
was standing up to his walst in the
sea, gasping imarticulately, and a discomposed looking young man—Mr.
Nicholson, to wit—who stood at the
edge of the beach, was making timorons effer of one boot and a shirt.
"Can I go home, in a hoot and a
shirt?" was one of the elder gentleman's coherences.

The young man's feeble, tentative
man's coherences.
The young man's feeble, tentative
man's coherences.
The young man's feeble, tentative
offer of a newspaper called forth an
explosion of wrath which seemed the
precursor of a fit of apopiexy.

The sent every day, (2) No deprecursor of a fit of apopiexy.

The young man and the direction of Waimer
was the direction of Waimer
and Symr.Eaton
Schools for Past Six Weeks.

The roll of horor for the first six
weeks of the term in the West End
and Symr.Eaton
Schools for Past Six Weeks.

The roll of horor for the first six
weeks of the term in the West End
and Symr.Eaton
academies has just
of principals of the two academies. The
principals of the two academies. The
principals of the two academies. The
first grade A.—Willie Hunt.
Third grade A.—Willie Hunt.
Third grade B.—Ella Betts, Fred
Blankenship, Hilda Davis, Whitley
Diggs, Gladys Harley, Virginia Ransone, Mary Sager, Georgie Wiley.
Fourth grade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliout Blankenship, Cary Coller,
Etta Caine, Ruby Diggs, Marion Morgrade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliout Blankenship, Cary Coller,
Etta Caine, Ruby Diggs, Marion Morgrade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliout Blankenship, Cary Coller,
Etta Caine, Ruby Diggs, Marion Morgrade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliout Blankenship, Cary Coller,
Etta Caine, Ruby Diggs, Marion Morgrade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliout Blankenship, Cary Coller,
Etta Caine, Ruby Diggs, Marion Morgrade A.—Vincent Alexander, Eliou Early the following morning, any

when you passed out of the young morning. So when a size of mishaps of man, with a pleasant smile, "What did he say."

"He-he only pointed you out," said the girt evastively. She paused, and as capable as meet people of draw-appeared to be admiring the back ling certain conclusions. Yes?" said Miss Adamson, glancing of a cab. "Why did you tell him to the processe out of the window."





swinging on hi by our teeth to a stick, Skinny Brown cum and he sed, very "Oh, that aint Nothing a tall, let me

i kin hang on by One Toe in a Rub!" "Gosh, what a whopper that is," whis-"POO." sed i, kurling mi Lip, and re-

"I cood hang on by mi EAR if I tride!"

next thing i felt was a TERIBUL Jar'

then I lay still and Fergot Everything!

There is one thing that I swear Honor

Brite:
"that is a LIE:" Skinny sed with a ne Kid kin call ME that Naim and net Frown. Laura Merrill, Richard Molley, Henry

HONOR ROLL FOR THE HAMPTON ACADEMIES

"We've not exactly made friends, said the young man, when he met the like and the next merning." but I've paved the way i think he'll know me next time he turn home. "I am not," he said with an invest merked Miss Adamson quietly, "he morked Miss Adamson quietly, "he when you passed our window this morning." So when a strick of mishaps be morning." So when a strick of mishaps be morning. "So when a strick of mishaps be morning." So when a strick of mishaps be morning. "So when a strick of mishaps be morning." So when a strick of mishaps be morning. "So when a strick of mishaps be morning." The mishaps he morning the morning man appracht the hands of Mr. Seach. Seach.

Old Doctor White he wuz bringing Me 2; i herd him say that thee Boy will pull through:

Sinclair, Alice Stuart, Margaret Todd. Ethel Todd, Ethel Wood, Third grade A.-Willie Hunt,

S/me-Eaton Academy,
First grade—Vera Brushwood, Katherine Crockett, Maude Evans, Anna
Ellison, Ceorge Hicks, Lrenzo Johnview of a cab. "Why did you tell him has night that he put you in mind of your own father?" she demanded suddenly.

The young man flushed the view of the window and the view of the young man without the put would have drawn for the young man without the put would have drawn for the young man without the young man without the put would have drawn for the young man without you understand.

Yes, pape, said Miss Alamson, seed, same Evans, Anna, the young man without the young man without the young man without you understand.

Yes, pape, said Miss Alamson, seed, same the young man without the young man without young man without you understand.

Yes, pape, said Miss Alamson, simple Evans, Anna, the young man without simple. Thirms Savage, Raymond Stign, Edward Sherman, Russell Stnart, Edwin Wilson, second grade—Louise Gibboney, Linda Griffith, Eisle Page Hope, Virginal Johnson, Martin Kerney, Clara window.—London Answers,

"An insult? How?"

La Crosse, George Martin, Elizabeth Massemburg, Margaret McKensey, Constant Massemburg, Margaret McKensey, Constant McKensey, C

there was a MILLION of STARS on

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